

Home Circle.

A QUEER HOLE.

I have heard of a boy who lived long ago—
For such boys are not found nowadays, you know—

Whose friends were as troubled as they could be
Because of a hole in his memory.

A charge from his mother went in one day,
And the boy said, "Yes," and hurried away,
But he met a man with a musical top,
And his mother's words through that hole did drop.

A lesson went in, but, ah me! ah, me!
For a boy with a hole in his memory!
When he arose to recite he was all in a doubt;
Every word of that lesson had fallen out.

And at last, at last—O terrible lot!—
He could speak only two words: "I forgot"
Would it not be sad indeed to be
A boy with a hole in his memory?

—Selected.

A BOY'S ESSAY ON DOGS AND CATS.

I'd rather have a dog than a cat any day. Dogs can race cats, they can race other dogs, they can race boys or anything. Nobody ain't scared of a cat. A mouse is; but not if it ain't somewheres that it can't get out of, or a rat either. A dog can make a cat dead if he bits her enough. When he comes in the yard he can make her tail look like a Christmas-tree. He can make her fix her back up like a camel. I ain't afraid of thieves; but thieves are afraid of dogs. If a thief comes where a dog can get at him he'll run like fun; but the dog won't run. A dog can watch a house better than a policeman. He won't let the man that owns it come in the back yard in the middle of the night, but a cat would. If a man or any other thief was to sneak in, would a cat care? She'd go over the fence quick. That's what. A dog knows when you're home from school. He ain't sleepy then. He has fun with old hats, if you give him one. You've got to pay for keeping him, but you don't a cat, because a dog's some good and a cat ain't. I rather have a dog."—Selected.

BREAD FOR THE ORPHANS.

The Lord is "a Father of the fatherless," and if we feed the hungry the Lord will feed us. Many illustrations might be given of God's care for those who care for his little ones.

Mr. Spurgeon, in addition to his other labors, was led to establish an orphanage to accommodate some five hundred children. Of course, its establishment and support called for much prayer, much labor and much money. But the Lord wonderfully supplied the needs of the orphans in answer to prayer.

It is said that during Mr. Spurgeon's last sickness he went for his health to

Mentone, France. But his heart was with the children; and so, sick as he was, he returned to London to make them a visit.

The first thing he did upon his return was to inquire about the treasury of the orphanage at a meeting of the deacons. He was laughingly told that he would have to "work another miracle;" for there was but a small balance left.

"Let us ask our heavenly Father for what we want."

They knelt and prayed. Returning to his home and crossing the hall to his study, he heard the servant say, "No one can see the master to-night," and a voice in reply remonstrating.

"What is the matter there?" said Spurgeon.

"O Mr. Spurgeon!" the gentleman said, "I have come a long way to see you. I promised when in India to give £700 to your orphanage, and I have brought you the money."

It was in answer to their prayers. "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."—*The Christian.*

BE TRUTHFUL.

Says Robert Burdette, "How people do trust a truthful boy! We never worry about him when he is out of sight. We never say, 'I wonder where he is; I wonder why he doesn't come home.' Nothing of the sort. We know that he is all right, and that when he comes home we shall know all about it, and get it straight. We don't have to ask him where he is going and how long he will be gone every time he leaves the house. We don't have to call him back and make him 'solemnly promise' the same over and over two or three times. When he says, 'Yes, I will,' or 'No, I won't,' just once, that settles it."—*Sel.*

NO WOMAN, EITHER.

No man is more to be pitted than the one who is satisfied with himself.

No man ought to forget that a good many other people will set their watches by his clock.

No man ought to profess the name of Christ who is not willing to do the deeds of Christ.

No man ought to forget that if he sows wild oats he will have to reap the same kind of crop.

No man is fit to lead who has not the courage to stand alone.

No man fights a harder battle than the one who is trying to overcome himself.

No man should try to teach others what he does not know to be true himself.

No man would be willing to have his dearest friend know him as well as he knows himself.—*Ohio Chronicle.*

A BOY WANTED.

This is the notice often seen hanging in a store or shop window. But every man who wants a boy wants the right kind. He wants a boy that he can trust, and that is able and willing to do what he wants done.

If that is the kind of boy a man wants when he puts the card "A Boy Wanted" in his store, what kind of a boy does God want to do service for him?

First of all he should be a Christian boy. Such a boy will be attentive at Sunday-school. He will attend the church services and listen to the preaching of the minister. But in his life what kind of boy will he be? He will be a Christian. Now take each letter in that word and let us see what kind of boy we can make out of a Christian boy.

He will be a clean boy.

He will be an honest boy.

He will be a refined boy.

He will be an industrious boy.

He will be a studious boy.

He will be a truthful boy.

He will be an independent boy.

He will be an attentive boy.

He will be a noble boy.

Who would not admire and honor such a boy?—*Religious Telescope.*

COMRADES IN MISERY.

A touching incident which was seen on a Boston street, one cold day last winter illustrates the way in which suffering begets charity. It was one of the cheerless windy days, when the air is full of snowflakes while yet it seems too cold to snow in earnest.

On a bleak street was an iron plate in the sidewalk, around which thin streams of steam arose. On this bit of warm surface cowered a morsel of a girl, not more than four or five years old, pinched with the cold and hunger, and most scantily dressed.

As she crouched over the warm plate an ill-looking cur came drifting down the street. He hesitated as he came into the circle of warm air, and with a wistful whine looked up into the face of the girl. Instantly the little thing moved over to make room for her fellow waif.

"Poor doggie!" she said, hugging her forlorn shawl closer about her, "is he cold, too?"

And the two comrades in misfortune shared together the hospitality of the iron plate in perfect fellowship.—*Sel.*

"A righteous man is one who takes the Word of God for his rule, the grace of God for his strength, the Spirit of God for his guide, and the heaven of God for his home."